



Ding Dong The Witch Is Dead



👁 13 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Kenzawenza

Ding Dong...

Ding Dong...

Ding Dong!

Ding Dong!

The doorbell rang loudly throughout the mansion as the gardener pushed his hand on the little red button continuously.

Ding Dong!

He wanted his pay for that weeks work of stacking the straw bales and was determined to get it. Exasperated he slipped off his dusty gardening gloves and put them in the back pocket of his jeans and banged loudly on the door. Then he looked around the side of the house, searching for a window to see if she was even home and screamed bloody murder, for there his employer

was. She was dead as a door nail with a broom lying next to her and a pair of ruby red slippers on her feet, which were sticking out.

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Meanwhile the doorbell w

Ding Dong!

one last time.

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